

The Day Mulder's Apartment 'Flooded'

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>Feedback ALWAYS welcome!

>
 Scully looked up from her reading. A knock at her door interrupted the heavy but comfortable silence that had settled over her apartment.

>
 Hearing the continuous pitter-patter of the rain on her window, she wondered who would be out on a lazy, rainy Sunday like this one. She groaned as she got up from her comfortable position on the couch and stretched her prickly-feeling legs that had fallen asleep.

>
 Before opening the door, she checked to see who it was. After seven, almost eight years of working with Mulder, she had learned to be a little weary of people who came to her door.

>
 "Mulder?" Scully pulled open the door, surprised at who her visitor was but scolding herself at the same time for not suspecting.

>
 "Hey, mind if I come in?" Mulder was dripping wet. In his hand was a plastic, drawstring bag.

>
 "No, come in. What are you doing here? I thought you were going to stay at home today." She ushered him in, taking his soaked jacket so that it wouldn't drip all over the carpet.

>
 "I was," Mulder said, gratefully taking the towel Scully tossed him a few minutes later. "But for some mysterious reason, a pipeline from the apartment above mine broke, flooding my apartment. Of all days, it had to be today, on our once in a lifetime day off from work. Think it's a government conspiracy?"

>
 Scully raised her eyebrow.

>
 "I was kidding."

>
 Scully nodded.
>
 Mulder gave her a smile.
>
 "What were you doing on this oh so pleasant day?" Mulder settled down on the couch and looked expectantly at Scully as if waiting for an elaborate yarn full of alien abductions and UFO chases.
>
 "I was relaxing." Scully perched herself on the arm of the couch. "What else are you supposed to do on your day off?" She glanced at Mulder, "Oh wait, I'm asking the wrong person. Don't answer that."
>
 Mulder grinned. He then picked up the book Scully was reading just a few minutes before that was lying face down on the table beside him.
>
 "Mulder--" Scully started, reaching for her book. Her face flushed as Mulder cocked his head to one side when he read the title.

>
 "Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus." Mulder looked up at Scully, his mouth twisted into a smirk.
>
 Scully bit her lip and braced herself for what Mulder would say next.
>
 "Scully, this is quite interesting. So after all these years of searching for 'the truth', searching for some sign of extraterrestrial life form, a UFO, an EBE, I've been wasting my time? Have I been dragging you along, case after case in the X Files only to be blind to what I am looking for? Am I and every other human being on this planet the EBE that I have been searching for, for so long?"
>
 "You certainly give that impression," Scully responded, trying to gain back some of her dignity.
>
 Mulder grinned ruefully at her comeback. He scanned the cover again.
>
 "Ooooh. A practical guide for improving communication and getting what you want in your relationships," Mulder raised an eyebrow, laughter in his eyes.
>
 Before Scully could say anything, Mulder grabbed hold of Scully's hand. "Is there something I should know Scully?"
>
 Scully drew in a deep breath. How did it turn to this?
>
 "Is there someone else? Someone I don't know about? Who is Dana Scully so madly in love with that it drove her to buy a book like that?"
>
 Scully's shock turned to confusion. Then seeing the smile playing across Mulder's face, she narrowed her eyes, irked.
>
 "It just so happens that a friend lent me that book," she lied. "She told me that I absolutely had to read it. So I obliged. Besides," Scully snatched the book back. "It's quite fascinating."

>
 Mulder laughed. "Oh, is it?"
>
 "Yes," Scully huffed. "It is."
>
 Quite irritated and mortified, Scully stalked into the kitchen. Mulder followed at her heels. Silently, Scully opened up a cupboard and took out a mug. As she went to another cupboard, Mulder grabbed a mug for himself.
>
 "Tea?" she said, trying to control the annoyance in her voice.

>
 "Yeah, thanks for offering," Mulder said, smiling.
>
 "Besides having a flooded apartment." Scully turned her back to Mulder. "If it was really flooded--was there a reason why you decided to come here?"
>
 Mulder made an exaggerated gasp. "What?!" he exclaimed in a mocking tone. "You don't believe me?"

>
 "Maybe," said Scully not letting him see the smile her face. She filled the teakettle with water and putting it on the stove, "maybe not." She looked pointedly at Mulder. "You still haven't answered my question."

>
 "Well, for your information, miss know-it-all, I happen to enjoy aggravating little red-headed, blue-eyed, FBI agents on rainy Sunday afternoons."

>
 Scully raised her eyebrows, suppressing a laugh.

>
 "I also have a bag of movies in my possession... if the rain hasn't ruined them yet. And yes, my apartment is too flooded." Mulder finished defensively.

>
 "Movies?" Scully's interests perked up-not that it wasn't before, but movies and Mulder were always a good mix for Scully... not that she'd ever let him know that.

>
 "Yes, movies. And if you'll be a good little girl, I might even let you watch them."

>
 "Oh. I see," Scully said slowly, sauntering back into the living room. She picked up a pillow. "Would being a good little girl include this?" Hastily, she smacked the pillow into the side of Mulder's head, stunning him for a moment. Then she sped off.

>
 "Hey!" Mulder said, laughing. "I see what you're doing. You're trying to knock me out so you can abduct my movies. Well, you won't get away with it! Get back here!" He grabbed another pillow off the couch and took after Scully.

>
 A girlish squeal escaped from Scully's lips as she narrowly dodged Mulder's swipe at her. She dashed into the study and realized she had run into a dead end. Mulder swung himself around the doorframe and into the room.

>
 "Muhahahaha!" he imitated the evil laughter that he had heard so many times in the movies. "I've got you now, my pretty!" he cackled and plopped the pillow over Scully's head.

>
 Scully let out something between a laugh and a shriek and swung the pillow she was still clutching into Mulder's stomach. "No you don't!"

>
 "Oof!" Mulder turned around trying to grab Scully's hand but she raced out of the room and down the hall. Mulder tailed her into her own bedroom. He chased her over to the bed where she then scrambled over it. Mulder halted at the other side.

>
 "Not so fast, huh?" Scully smirked. She tucked a strand of her disarranged hair behind her ear.

>
 "Hey, don't you insult the 'incredible Mulder'," Mulder grinned. He lunged over the bed, hoping to grab Scully's arm. He got it.

>
 "Nooo!" Scully shrieked, laughing. Mulder climbed up onto the bed and seized her around the waist, making sure she couldn't get out of his hold.

>
 "Wanna take that back?" he asked her.

>
 "Why should I?" Scully shot back. She stopped squirming in his grasp. It wasn't as if she was really trying to get out anyway.

>
 Mulder paused dramatically for a moment. "Or else," he said in a mysterious voice.

>
 Scully's smile turned into a grin. "Or else what?" she taunted, resting back in Mulder's arms.

>
 Mulder hesitated for a split second as if deciding what he should do. "Or else..." he said softly and dipped his head down ready to kiss her. **SPASH!!**

>
 Both Scully and Mulder's head snapped up both a bit disappointed. They scrambled off the bed and raced to the kitchen where water was boiling out of the teakettle and onto the stovetop

and floor. Mulder took the kettle off the stove and put it into the sink while Scully turned off the range and grabbed a dishtowel to mop up the water.

>
They finished cleaning in silence. Afterward, the two stood awkwardly in the kitchen, not knowing what to say to each other after the afternoon's events. Scully couldn't believe she had flirted so shamelessly. Mulder couldn't believe the water had boiled over.

>
It must be a conspiracy, he thought. How many times had something stopped them from kissing? Mulder remembered their first kiss well, and he was determined to relive that cherished moment again.

>
"Um," Scully said, looking up sheepishly at her partner.

>
Mulder returned the look with a small grin. "How 'bout those movies?"

>
Scully smiled. "You're on."

>

>A little while later, the two sat comfortably together in the dark, both with a fresh mug of herbal tea in their hands. Scully leaned her head against Mulder's shoulder, who's arm was draped around her.

Mulder turned to her as the movie started.

>"Scully?"

>"Hmm?"

>"My apartment isn't flooded."

>Scully laughed. "Told ya so."

>
END

>

End
file.